

*Scena 3. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous; and some Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis.*

*Emil.* Ile no step further.

*Per.* Will you loose this sight?

*Emil.* I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly  
Then this decision ev'ry; blow that falls  
Threats a brave life, each stroake laments  
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like  
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,  
It is enough my hearing shall be punished,  
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is  
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye  
With dread sights, it may shun.

*Pir.* Sir, my good Lord  
Your Sister will no further.

*Thes.* Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,  
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now  
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife  
Both seald with eye, and care; you must be present,  
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland  
To crowne the Questions title.

*Emil.* Pardon me,  
If I werethere, I'd winke

*Thes.* You must be there;  
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you  
The onely star to shine.

*Emil.* I am extinct,  
There is but envy in that light, which shoves  
The one the other: darkenes which ever was  
The dam of horror, who do's stand accurst  
Of many mortall Millions, may even now  
By casting her blacke mantle over both  
That neither could finde other, get her selfe  
Some part of a good name, and many a murder  
Set off wherto she's guilty.

*Hip.* You must goe.

*Emil.* In faith I will not.

*Thes.* Why the knights must kinde  
Their valour at your eye: know of this  
You are the Treasure, and must neede  
To give the Service pay.

*Emil.* Sir pardon me,  
The tytle of a kingdome may be trid  
Out of it selfe.

*Thes.* Well, well then, at your ple  
Those that remaine with you, could  
To any of their Enemies.

*Hip.* Farewell Sister,  
I am like to know your husband for  
By some small start of time, he whe  
Doe of the two know best, I pray th  
Be made your Lot.

*Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous.*

*Emil.* *Arcite* is gently visagd; y  
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe w  
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly c  
Are bedfellowes in his visage: *Palamon*  
Has a most menacing aspect, his bro  
Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what  
Yet sometime tis not so, but alters t  
The quallity of his thoughts; long  
Will dwell upon his object. Mellen  
Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcite*  
But *Palamon*'s sadnes is a kinde of m  
So mingled, as if mirth did make h  
And sadnes, merry; those darker hu  
Sticke misbecomingly on others, o  
Live in faire dwelling.

*Cornets, Trumpets.*  
Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe  
The Princes to their prooffe, *Arcite*  
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite*  
The spoyling of his figure. O wh  
Enough for such a chance; if I we  
I might doe hurt, for they would g

*Thes.*

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